THE SPANISH CONQUESTS OF HANNIBAL.

Now from Madrid unto Cadix
Sound of woe and wailing made is
By the coal-eyed Spanish ladies,
Down their cheeks the tears are raining,
And the sad guitar's complainin'
Tells that wanders, piny Maine in,
Hannibal Hamlin.

Castanets so sweetly rang, O,
As we danced the mad fandango,
Artfully we made each fan go;
Fiereed with darts from full-orbed eyes you,
Did not fail to paralyze you,
Teased you—but we love and prize you,
Hannibal Hamlin.

Fair Castile has never seen a
Bold hidalgo with a keener
Joy to watch the wild arena,
Where the fire-eyed bulls are roaring,
Foaming, pawing, charging, goring,
Urged on by your loud encoring,
Hannibal Hamlin.

Alba, Berwick, Enfantado,
All the noble houses, sad oh,
Mourn and miss you on the Prado.
Leave to Blaine the down-East voter;
Come to us and get your quota
Of Spanish beans and wine of Rota,
Hannibal Hamlin.

Written for THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

"BLIFIL AND BLACK GEORGE."

The Story of a Famous Duel.

Whatever may be said in praise of the statesmanship of President Monroe, he was, as a man, mean and narrow in his hates, and not at all particular in his modes of resenting real or imaginary slights, often stooping to littlenesses that the really great mind would look upon with contempt. As president, he exacted too much deference from those in inferior places, and was unquestionably a very undemocratic president, tending more to centralization ideas than were consonant with the creed of the party that elevated him to the position. Among those eminent democrats who incurred his displeasure by their hostility to his methods was the brilliant, but eccentric and irritable, John Randolph, whose tongue was keen as a cimeter and denunciations bitter as gall. At first, his opposition to Monroe was purely political, and involved nothing like personal enmity. When the president—on the occasion of General Moreau's visit to this country, and a state dinner given at the executive mansion in his honor, on the 26th day of February, 1820—invited Mr. Garnett, who was the room mate of Randolph, and Messrs. Lewis and Stanford, the only members of congress that boarded at the same house with the eccentric Virginian, and altogether ignored that gentleman, then the feelings of the latter were changed from those of mere political difference of opinion to personal enmity, a change he was swift to make apparent on every occasion that presented itself.

At this time Randolph was at once the proudest and the most reckless man in the United States. The death of one of his nephews and the hopeless insanity of the other had left him literally alone in the world, the possessor of Roanoke, one of the finest estates in the Old Diminion, that was in itself a princely demesne, with the knowledge ever grinding and cutting into his soul that at his death his own immediate family would be extinct and his broad possessions pass into the hands of strangers. There is no man whose character or nature is so perfect that it is free of vices that mar and deform its beauty and symmetry. The vices of Randolph were strong drink, avarice and overweening pride. Mr. Clay, in 1827, had not yet severed his connection with the democratic party, and was as staunch a friend and defender of Monroe and all his acts as Randolph was his assailant and enemy. These two remarkable men had more than once crossed lances in debate, and in the fearless Kentuckian the arrogant Virginian had met a foeman he could neither transfix nor unhorse. It was galling to the aristocrat that one who was born in a social sphere he considered even lower than that occupied by the negroes bred on the Roanoke lands should presume to challenge a Randolph in debate and not be annihilated for his temerity; and hence Mr. Clay was included in the hatred he bore Mr. Monroe. If Randolph hated Clay, first because of the latter's championship of Monroe, and second because of his lowly origin, that hatred was intensified when the long battle over the Missouri Compromise measure came up. Mr. Clay, conscious of his own intellectual greatness, was as arrogant and overbearing as Randolph could dare be. He occupied the chair of speaker of the house, and seemed to take pleasure in ruthlessly overriding every proposition advanced by him of Roanoke. This did not fail to arouse all the jealousy and ugliness in Randolph's nature, and he came to hate Clay with a hatred that was honestly confined to the latter and embraced not any other. Even his hatred of John Quincy Adams was permitted to slumber in this increased and unutterable loathing for the "tool, the purchased tool," as he termed Mr. Clay, of the "Yankee Puritan." As the debate grew, the hostility between the two also gained strength and stature, and at the end, when Mr. Clay, taking advantage of his official position, shrewdly jockeyed the arrogant Virginian out of his right, when the bill passed, to move a reconsideration, the whole country knew that such were the relations of the two a hostile meeting between them was but a question of time, and very brief time at that.

Pending the debate on this measure, Mr. Clay had sought a private interview with Randolph, but received such treatment that all intercourse was broken off between the two, and neither treated the other thereafter with any show of civility. Thus matters stood until 1824, when the presidential election was thrown into the house, and John Quincy Adams was successful through the vote and influence of Mr. Clay. The first official act of the executive was the appointment of Mr. Clay as secretary of state. This gave Randolph an opportunity for assailing his enemy that he was not slow to avail himself of. He instantly voiced the charge of bargain and intrigue, and charged that Mr. Clay had betrayed Virginia and the South by selling his vote and influence to Mr. Adams for the portfolio he received. Mr. Clay, no longer a member, could not reply to the assaults made upon him in congress save by indignant denial. Randolph retorted that he but added falsehood to treachery, and concluded the bitterest tirade of personal abuse ever delivered in the halls of congress with the declaration that the election of Adams was due solely to "the coalition of Blifil and Black George—by the combination, unheard of till then, of the Puritan with the blackleg."

This was more than Mr. Clay could stand. Although some little time had passed since Randolph had accused him of falsehood as well as treachery, yet he did not challenge his assailant until the latter had applied Lord Chatham's famous figure of the alliance between Blifil and Black George to him and Mr. Adams. Mr. Clay's challenge was peremptory. Mr. Randolph promptly accepted it.

The meeting occurred on the 18th day of April, 1826. Mr. Clay fired and missed his antagonist. Randolph fired in the air. The seconds presumed that the latter had touched the hair-trigger of his pistol accidentally, and arranged for another exchange of shots. Again Mr. Clay missed his man, and again did Randolph, and this time with great deliberation, discharge his weapon in the air. On his second expostulating with him, Randolph exclaimed: "You may keep us here all day, if you so desire, but I will not harm a hair of that man's head." Mr. Clay, having observed with surprise the conduct of his antagonist, and now hearing these words, came forward with extended hand and humid eyes. Randolph clasped the proffered hand, and both left the ground, leaving behind them the hatred and animosity of the past few years. From that time on they were the best of friends, and Randolph was never heard afterward to speak of Mr. Clay save in terms of commendation, while the latter lost no opportunity of displaying his friendliness to the lonely and eccentric Virginian, whom he now knew better than that misanthropic person knew himself. In the early days of March, 1833, as Randolph was on his way to New York with the intention of taking ship for England in the hope that the climate would restore his shattered health, he made his attendant carry him into the senate chamber, where Mr. Clay was announced to speak on some pending measure. As the great Kentuckian's remarkably musical voice was heard to address the presiding officer, Randolph exclaimed to his half-brother, Hon. Beverly Tucker, "Help me up. I have come here to hear that voice." When Mr. Clay concluded speaking, he rapidly advanced to where Randolph was sitting, and cordial and friendly salutations were exchanged. It was the last time these two met on earth. Randolph continued his journey, but never got beyond Philadelphia, where he expired in the beginning of the following month.

WALLACE GRUELLE.

Old Boys and Girls.

Michael Holbert died recently in Marion county, West Virginia, aged 101 years.

James Stewart died last week in Accomac county, Va., at the age of 111.

Mrs. Rachel Flaherty, of Charlestown, Ky., is 102, and enjoying good health.

Mrs. Mary Hyatt, of Brandon, Vt., lives in the house in which Stephen A. Douglas was born, and is 91 years of age.

Erastus Foote, of Colchester, Conn., died a few days ago in the room in which he was born 92 years ago.

Mrs. John Pratt, of Lapeer, Mich., is 102, and her husband 93.

Hon. Mark Alexander, the oldest ex-member of congress alive, is living in great destitution at the age of 97 in Mecklenburg county, Va.

Reading, Pa., contains one hundred and ten residents, the youngest of whom is over 80 and the eldest, James Norton, is 92.

THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

A Free Press, a Free Ballot, and Free Speech, are the Birthright of Freemen.

VOL. VII. CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1882. NO. 24.

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

A MATTER OF FACT ROMANCE.

By CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER VIII.

The next Saturday Susan was busy preparing two rooms for Mr. Eden—a homely but bright bedroom looking eastward, and a snug room where he could be quiet down stairs. Snowy sheets and curtains and toilet-cover showed the good housewife. The windows were open, and a beautiful nosegay of Susan's flowers on the table. Mr. Eden's eye brightened at the comfort, neatness and freshness of the whole thing; and Susan, who watched him furtively, felt pleased to see him pleased.

On Sunday he preached in the parish church. The sermon was opposite to what the good people here had been subject to; instead of the vague and cold generalities of an English sermon, he drove home truths home in business-like English. He used a good many illustrations, and these were drawn from matters with which this particular congregation were conversant. He was as full of similies here as he was sparing of them when he preached before the University of Oxford. Any one who had read this sermon in a book of sermons would have divined what sort of congregation it was preached to. Like every born orator, he felt his way with his audience, whereas the preacher who is not an orator throws out his fine things, hit or miss, and does not know, and feel, and care whether he is hitting or missing.

The next morning Mr. Eden visited some of the poorest people in the parish. Susan accompanied him, all eyes and ears; she observed that his line was not to begin by dictating his own topic, but lie in wait for them, let them first choose their favorite theme, and so meet them on this ground, and bring religion to bear on it. "Oh, how wise he is!" thought Susan, "and how he knows the heart!"

One Sunday evening, three weeks after his first official visit, he had been by himself to see some of the poor people, and on his return found Susan alone. He sat down and gave an account of his visits.

"Miss Merton, you have shown me many persons who need consolation, but there is one you say nothing about."

"Have I, sir? Who? Oh, I think I know. Old Dame Clayton?"

"No, it is a young demoiselle."

"Then I don't know who it can be."

"Guess."

"No, sir," said Susan, looking down.

"It is yourself, Miss Merton."

"Me, sir! Why, what is the matter with me?"

"That you shall tell me, if you think me worthy of your confidence."

"Oh, thank you, sir. I have my little crosses, no doubt, like all the world; but I have health and strength; I have my father."

"My child, you are in trouble. You were crying when I came in."

"Indeed I was not, sir! how did you know I was crying?"

"When I came in, you turned your back to me, instead of facing me, which is more natural when any one enters a room, and soon after you made an excuse for leaving the room, and when you came back there was a drop of water in your right eyelash.'

"It need not have been a tear, sir!"

"It was not; it was water; you had been removing the traces of tears."

'Girls are mostly always crying, sir; often they don't know for why, but they don't care to have it noticed always."

"Nor would it be polite or generous; but this of yours is a deep grief, and alarms me for you. Shall I tell you how I know? You often yawn and often sigh; when these two things come together at your age, they are signs of a heavy grief; then it comes out that you have lost your relish for things that once pleased you. The first day I came here, you told me your garden had been neglected of late, and you blushed in saying so. Old Giles and others asked you before me why you had given up visiting them; you colored and looked down." I could almost have told them, but that would have made you uncomfortable. You are in grief, and no common grief."

"Nothing worth speaking to you about, sir; nothing I will ever complain of to any one."

"There I think you are wrong; religion has consoled many griefs; great griefs admit of no other consolation. The sweetest exercise of my office is to comfort the heavy-hearted. Your heart is heavy, my poor lamb; tell me, what is it?"

"It is nothing, sir, that you would understand; you are very skilled, and notice-taking, as well as good, but you are not a woman, and you must excuse me, sir, if I beg you not to question me further on what would not interest you."

Mr. Eden looked at her compassionately, and merely said to her again, "What is it?" in a low tone of ineffable tenderness.

At this, Susan looked in a scared manner this way and that. "Sir, do not ask me, pray do not ask me so;" then she suddenly lifted her hands, "my George is gone across the sea! What shall I do! what shall I do!" and she buried her face in her apron.

This burst of pure nature—this simple cry of a suffering heart—was very touching; and Mr. Eden, spite of his many experiences, was not a little moved. He sat silent, looking on her as angel might be supposed to look upon human griefs, and as he looked on her various expressions chased one another across that eloquent face. Sweet and tender memories and regrets were not wanting amongst them. After a long pause, he spoke in a tone soft and gentle as a woman's, and at first in a voice so faltering that Susan, though her face was hidden, felt there was no common sympathy there, and silently put out her hand toward it.

He murmured consolation. He said many gentle, soothing things. He told her that it was sad, very sad, the immense ocean should roll between two loving hearts; "but," said he, "there are barriers more impassable than the sea. Better so than that he should be here, and jealousy, mistrust, caprice, or even temper come between you. I hope he will come back; I think he will come back."

She blessed him for saying so. She was learning to believe every thing this man uttered.

From consolation he passed to advice.

"You must do the exact opposite of what you have been doing."

"Must I?"

"You must visit these poor people; ay, more than you ever did; hear patiently their griefs; do not expect much in return, neither sympathy, nor a great deal of gratitude; vulgar sorrow is selfish. Do it for God's sake and for your own, single-heartedly. Go to the school, return to your flowers, and never shun innocent society, however dull. Milk and water is a poor thing, but it is a dilutent, and all we can do just now is to dilute your grief."

He made her promise. "Next time I come tell me all about you and George. Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break."

"Oh, that is a true word," sobbed Susan, that is very true. Why, a little of the lead seems to have dropped off my heart, now I have spoken to you, sir."

All the next week Susan bore up as bravely as she could, and did what Mr. Eden had bade her, and profited by his example. She learned to draw from others the full history of their woes; and she found that many a grief bitter as her own had passed over the dwellers in those small cottages; it did her some little good to discover kindred woes, and much good to go out of herself awhile and pity them.

This drooping flower recovered her head a little, but still the sweetest hour in all the working days of the week was that which brought John Meadows to talk to her of Australia.

CHAPTER IX.

Susan Merton had two unfavored lovers; it is well to observe how differently these two behaved. William Fielding stayed at home, threw his whole soul into his farm, and seldom went near the woman he loved, but had no right to love. Meadows dangled about the flame; ashamed and afraid to own his love, and he fed it to a prodigious height by encouraging it and not expressing it. William Fielding was moody and cross, and sad enough at times; but at others a little spark ignited inside his heart, and a warm glow diffused itself from that small point over all his being. I think this spark igniting was an approving conscience commencing its up-hill work of making a disappointed lover but honest man content.

Meadows, on his part, began to feel content and a certain complacency take the place of his stormy feelings. Twice a week he passed two hours with Susan. She always greeted him with a smile, and naturally showed an innocent satisfaction in these visits, managed, as they were, with so much art and self-restraint. On Sunday, too, he had always a word or two with her.

Meadows, though an observer of religious forms, had the character of a very worldly man, and Susan thought it highly to his credit that he came six miles to hear Mr. Eden.

Meadows did not stop there; wherever Susan went he followed modestly in her steps. Nor was this mere cunning. He loved her quite well enough to imitate her, and try and feel with her; and he began to be kinder to the poor, and to feel good all over, and comfortable. He felt as if he had not an enemy in the world. One day in Farnborough he saw William Fielding on the other side of the street. Susan Merton did not love William, therefore Meadows had no cause to hate him. He remembered William had asked a loan of him and he had declined. He crossed over to him.

"Good-day, Mr. William."

"Good-day, Mr. Meadows."

"You were speaking to me one day about a trifling loan. I could not manage it just then, but now—" Here Meadows paused. He had been on the point of offering the money, but suddenly, by one of those instincts of foresight these able men have, he turned it off thus: "but I know who will. You go to Lawyer Crawley; he lends money to people of credit,"

"I know he does; but he won't lend it to me."

"Why not?"

"He does not like us. He is a poor, sneaking creature, and my brother George he caught Crawley selling up some poor fellow or other, and they had words; least-ways it went beyond words, I fancy. I don't know the rights of it, but George was a little rough with him, by all accounts."

"And what has that to do with this?" said the man of business, coolly.

"Why, I am George's brother."

"And if you were George himself and he saw his way to make a shilling out of you, he would do it, wouldn't he? There, you go to Crawley, and ask him to lend you one hundred pounds, and he will lend it to you, only he will make you pay heavy interest, heavier than I should, you know, if I could manage it myself."

"Oh, I don't care," said simple William; "thank you kindly, Mr. Meadows," and off he went to Crawley.

He found that worthy in his office, Crawley, who instantly guessed his errand, and had no instructions from Meadows, promised himself the satisfaction of refusing the young man. He asked with a cringing manner and a treacherous smile, "What security, sir?"

Poor William biggled and hammered, and offered first one thing, which was blandly declined for this reason; then another, which was blandly declined for that; Crawley drinking deep draughts of mean vengeance all the while from the young man's shame and mortification, when the door opened, a man walked in, and gave Crawley a note, and vanished. Crawley opened the note; it contained a check drawn by Meadows, and these words: "Lend W. F. the money at ten per cent. on his acceptance of your draft at two months." Crawley put the note and check in his pocket.

"Well, sir," said he to William, "you stay here and I will see if I have got a loose hundred in the bank to spare." He went over to the bank, cashed the check, drew a bill of exchange at two months date, deducted the interest and stamp, and William accepted it, and Crawley bowed him out, cringing, smiling, and secretly shooting poisoned arrows out of his venomous eye in the direction of William's heels

William thanked him warmly. This loan made him feel happy.

He had paid his brother's debt to the landlord by sacrificing a large portion of his grain at a time the price was low; and now he was so cramped he had much ado to pay his labor, when this loan came. The very next day he bought several hogs—hogs, as George had sarcastically observed, were William Fielding's hobby; he had confidence in that animal. Potatoes and pigs, versus sheep and turnips, was the theory of William Fielding.

Now the good understanding between William and Meadows was not to last long. William, though he was too wise to visit Grassmere Farm much, was mindful of his promise to George, and used to make occasional inquiries after Susan. He heard that Meadows called at the farm twice a week, and he thought it a little odd. He pondered on it, but did not quite go the length of suspecting anything, still less of suspecting Susan. Still he thought it odd, but he thought it odder when one market dy old Isaac Levi said to him:

"Do you remember the promise you made to the lion hearted young man, your brother?"

"Do you ask that to affront me?"

"You never visit her; and others are not so neglectful."

"Who?"

"Go this evening and you will see."

"Yes, I will go, and I will soon see if there is anything in it," said William, not stopping even to inquire why the old Jew took all this interest in the affair.

That evening, as Meadows was in the middle of a description of the town of Sydney, Susan started up.

"Why, here is William Fielding!" and she ran out and welcomed him in with much cordiality, perhaps with some excess of cordiality.

William came in and saluted the farmer and Meadows in his dogged way. Meadows was not best pleased, but kept his temper admirably, and, leaving Australia, engaged both the farmers in a conversation on home topics. Susan looked disappointed. Meadows was content with that and the party separated half an hour sooner than usual.

The next market-evening in strolls William; Meadows again plays the same game. This time Susan could hardly restrain her temper. She did not want to hear about the Grassmere acres, and "The Grove," and oxen and hogs, but about something that mattered to George.

But when, the next market-evening, William arrived before Mr. Meadows, she was downright provoked, and gave him short answers, which raised his suspicions and made him think he had done wisely in coming. This evening Susan excused herself and went to bed early.

She was in Farnborough the next market-day, and William met her and said:

"I'll take a cup of tea with you to-night, Susan, if you are agreeable."

"William," said Susan, sharply, "what makes you always come to us on market-day?"

"I don't know. What makes Mr. Meadows come that day?"

"Because he passes our house to go to his own, I suppose, but you live but two miles off; you can come any day that you are minded."

"Should I be welcome, Susan?"

"What do you think, Will? Speak your mind; I don't understand you."

"Seems to me I was not very welcome last time."

"If I thought not I wouldn't come again," replied Susan, as sharp as a needle Then, instantly repenting a little, she exclaimed, "You are welcome to me, Will, and you know that as well as I do, but I want you to come some other evening, if it is all the same to you."

"Why?"

"Why? because I am dull other evenings, and it would be nice to have a chat with you."

"Would it, Susan?"

"Of course it would; but that evening I have company, and he talks to me of Australia."

"Nothing else?" sneered the unlucky William.

Susan gave him such a look.

"And that interests me more than anything you can say to me, if you won't be offended," snapped Susan.

William bit his lip.

"Well, then, I won't come this evening, eh, Susan?"

"No, don't, that is a good soul."

William was proud; and the consciousness of his own love for her made him less able to persist; for he knew that she might be so ungenerous as to resent it if he angered her too far. So he altered the direction of his battery. He planted himself at the gate of Grassmere Farm, and as Meadows got off his horse requested a few words with him. Meadows ran him over with one lightning glance, and then the whole man was on the defensive. William bluntly opened the affair.

"You heard me promise to look on Susan as my sister, and keep her as she is for my brother that is far away."

"I heard you, Mr. William," said Meadows, with a smile that provoked William as the artful one intended it should.

"You come here too often, sir."

"Too often for who?"

"Too often for me, too often for George, too often for the girl herself. I won't have George's sweetheart talked about."

"You are the first to talk about her; if there's scandal it is of your making."

"I won't have it, at a word."

Meadows called out: "Miss Merton, will you step here?"

William was astonished at his audacity; he did not know his man.

Susan opened the parlor window. "What is it, Mr. Meadows?"

"Will you step here, if you please?" Susan came. "Here is a young man tells me I must not call on your father or you."

"I say you must not do it often enough to make her talked of."

"Who dares to talk of me?" cried Susan, scarlet.

"Nobody, Miss Merton. Nobody but the young man himself; and so I told him. Is your father within? Then I'll step in and speak with him, anyway." And the sly Meadows vanished to give Susan an opportunity of quarreling with William while she was hot.

"I don't know how you came to take such liberties with me," began Susan, quite pale now with anger.

"It is for George's sake," said William, doggedly.

"Did George bid you insult my friends and me? I would not put up with it from George himself, much less from you. I shall write to George and ask him whether he wishes me to be your slave."

"Don't ye do so. Don't set my brother against me," remonstrated William, ruefully.

"The best thing you can do is to go home and mind your farm, and get a sweetheart for yourself, and then you won't trouble your head about me more than you have any business to do."

This last cut wounded William to the quick.

"Good-evening, Susan."

"Good-evening."

"Won't you shake hands?"

"It would serve you right if I said no! But I won't make you of so much importance as you want to be. There! And come again as soon as ever you can treat my friends with respect."

"I shan't trouble you again for awhile," said William, sadly. "Good-bye. God bless you, Susan dear."

When he was gone the tears came into Susan's eyes, but she was bitterly indignant with him for making a scene about her, which a really modest girl hates. On her reaching the parlor Mr. Meadows was gone, too, and that incensed her still more against William. "Mr. Meadows is affronted, no doubt," said she, "and of course he would not come here to be talked of, he would not like that any more than I. A man that comes here to us out of pure good nature, and nothing else."

The next market-day the deep Meadows did not come; Susan missed him and his talk, she had few pleasures, and this was one of them, but the next afternoon he came as usual, and Susan did not conceal her satisfaction. She was too shy, and be too wise, to allude to William's interference. They both ignored the poor fellow, and his honest, clumsy attempt.

William, discomfitted but not convinced, determined to keep his eye on them both. "I swore it, and I'll do it," said this honest fellow. "But I can't face her tongue; it goes through me like a pitchfork; but as for him——" And he clenched his fist most significantly; then he revolved one or two plans in his head, and rejected them each in turn. At last a thought struck him. "Mr. Levi! he 'twas that put me on my guard. I'll tell him." Accordingly he recounted the whole affair and his failure to Mr. Levi. The old man smiled. "You are no match for either of these. You have given the maiden offense, just offense."

"Just offense, Mr. Levi! Now, don't ye say so! why, how?"

"By your unskillfulness, my son."

"It is all very well for you to say that, sir, but I can tell you women are kittle folk, manage them who can. I don't know what to do, I'm sure."

"Stay at home and till the land," replied Isaac, somewhat dryly. "I will go to Grassmere Farm."

[Continued next week.]

A. K. McClure telegraphs to the Philadelphia Times: "No body of truant schoolboys, caught at their naughty capers and flogged back to their task ever went to their work more submissively than does the congress that has been so thoroughly trounced by the people for playing truant from public integrity and honest government."

JUDGE MERCER AND WHISKY LICENSE.

Editor Breckenridge News:

I am no croaker, neither am I the representative of a body of individuals bearing that unsavory and unenviable reputation; but I am the unworthy representative of a number of the very best and most substantial citizens of this community, among whom there is much righteous indignation at the recent decision of His Honor, Judge Mercer, in the case of H. E Basham, who applied for tavern license for this place, and, of course, got them. As well as we can see, the Judge is in a beautiful situation. His decision (not using his exact language) was about this: That he, as county judge, was forced to grant license to Basham, whatever might be his personal feelings in the matter; and also that if tavern license were granted that he was bound to grant the whisky privilege.

First. Chapter 106 general statutes says: "The court shall also be satisfied that the keeping of a tavern at the purposed place is necessary for the accommodation of the public." Now, according to the judge's own decision in a similar case on the same day, immediately before this remarkable decision, where there is in a village the size of Bewleyville or Union Star a house of private entertainment, the keeping of a tavern is unnecessary. Upon this ground he refused to grant to Biddle & Co. license to keep a tavern at Union Star, although it was signed by more than 100 voters residing in the Stephensport district (of which Union Star is a part.) But he seems to have forgotten this the next half hour, for under somewhat similar circumstances, except that no such lengthy petition was presented, he granted the license at Bewleyville. Mrs. H. E. Basham, of this place, keeps a house of private entertainment second to none in this section of country. Every one testifies to this; if ever any one has said ought against this house, no citizen of Bewleyville knows it. All of the witnesses on both sides so testified; and, moreover, there was no intimation from Basham himself, nor from any witness, that they would cease keeping this house if refused tavern license. Again, in the remonstrance signed by our best citizens, but which His Honor treated with cool contempt, as many as four of our best citizens agreed to open their doors rather than have in our midst a gropshop, which they feared would be the accompaniment of this tavern. If in one case he was forced to grant license, why not in the other? The judge evidently knows that he is not forced to grant license. The court of appeals, in the case of Commonwealth vs. Nepp (Duvall), says: "On application for a license to keep a tavern, the court has a large margin of discretion." Did he exercise that discretion in the Bewleyville case? How eloquently he spoke of the excellent community, the fine country, etc., and how his personal feelings would cause him to withhold the license, but his duties as judge required him to grant the same. By comparing the two cases above cited, it would seem that the judge is just a little inconsistent.

Second. His position that he is bound to grant the "whisky privilege" is untenable. Article 11 of same chapter, general statutes, says: "The privilege to sell spirituous liquors shall not be implied or embraced in any license to keep a tavern as heretofore, nor in a license to keep any coffee-house, boarding-house, restaurant, or other place of entertainment licensed by any court, or the trustees, or other authority, in any town or city, unless the said court shall deem it expedient to do so, and shall specify said privilege in such license." How can the judge, as aiming to advance the interests of any part of the county, "deem it expedient" to grant license over the protests of our best citizens remonstrating in writing, in mass meeting, and in person against it? We can not believe the judge sincere when he says he is opposed to the granting of license. We feel that we have been mistreated. We think his decision unjust, inconsistent, and greatly biased. What has been said has been said with no personal ill-will toward the judge, but only for the purpose of attempting to show up in a true light the public acts of a public officer,

GARDEZ BIEN.

Bewleyville, Ky.

Buying a Girl.

Toronto Globe Fort Galgary Letter.

Yesterday, though the weather was bitterly cold, there was a lull in the storm, and word was brought over to the saloon that there was to be a horse-race between the Indians and the half-breeds on the other side of the Elbow. There was a general stampede for the foot-bridge, and I made my way over in company with a cow-boy, whom I know only as "Shorty." As we were crossing the stream he handed me a handful of nuts, and remarked that he was taking a pocketful over to "his girl."

"Where did you get a girl?" I asked.

"I bought her over here at the Blackfoot camp last night."

"What did you give for her?"

"Thirty-five dollars. Oh, here she is," he added, as a little six-year-old Blackfoot girl came capering down the bank to meet him and take possession of the nuts. The little one had on a new dress, warm stockings, new shoes and a little black blanket, all of which had evidently come out of the store within the last twenty-four hours. After loading her with the nuts, Shorty allowed her to start back toward the lodge, but thinking her blanket did not fit her close enough, he called her back, and taking off the empty cartridge-belt which held his own overcoat together, he belted her little blanket snugly around her waist and then sent her off, the happiest youngster in the Blackfoot camp.

"What will you do with her?" I asked.

"Her mother is to keep her till I go back to Montana, and then I'll take her down home and give her to the 'old woman' (his mother), and then," he added, very seriously, "she's a nice, innocent little girl now, but if she stays here she'll starve till she grows up, and then go to the bad. I'll take her home and mother'll make a woman of her."

I could not help thinking, as I went back to the saloon, that Shorty and his mother were likely to accomplish more between them than many a pretentious society of wealthy philanthropists might do during a prosperous career of several years.